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AUTUMN LEAVES.

Oh, Autumn Leaves!
My spirit grieves
That you soon should fade,
The beauty bright
That charms our sight
On the earth's cold breast he laid.

Oh, leaves so fair!
Your colors rare
A sweeter mem'ry bring,
Than all the flowers
Of summer hours,
Or all the buds of Spring.

Your haughty pride
Could not abide
The Summer's changeless green,
But you must wear
Those garments rare
Like mantles of a queen.

You rob the skies
Of sunset dyes
And morning's crimson flush;
And then by day
Your trophies gay
Bedeck each tree and bush.

But by-and-by
The wrathful sky
Will lay your beauty low,
And o'er your forms
December storms
Sweep wide the drifting snow.

Then praise be still
To artist skill,
That spite of wind or storms,
Gives to our sight
In colors bright
The beauty of your forms.
—Star Spangled Banner.

HUNTING AN UNCLE, OR HOW I WAS CAPTURED.

—:o:—

I was sitting in my study, reading Moliere, when she entered the room—perfectly unannounced at that.

I looked up, and saw an angel in white Marseilles, flounced; jaunty blue hat, about the size of a saucer, tipped to one side in a most bewitching, heart-breaking manner; and she wore cream-colored kids and carried a white pongee—taken all in all, a fairy!

She smiled at me, and held out her hand.

I took it mechanically. What did this mean?

She pouted, ah! those cherry lips! she stamped her little No. 1 impatiently on the floor.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she said, pettishly.

I murmured that I was delighted—entranced. So I was—such visions were not of every day occurrence to me.

"Well," said she, gleefully, "that's comfort. Now, they told me that you would not receive me—that I would be turned out of doors."

"Reptiles," said I.

"But I came—and you are not angry?"

"Angry?"

I could say no more.

Then she walked up and down the room.

"How do you like my dress?" she asked, revolving before me as if on a pivot.

I murmured something about angelic superbness!

"I did intend," she said, half doubtingly, "to get a dress of gray sattens, with the underskirt cut as usual, and trimmed with deep plating—the spaces to be filled with bias folds above the platings, in a band of velvet silk—the side gores rounded up four inches longer, and looped up in a panier.—That, with a pretty little sacque with open sleeves, trimmed to match the under-dress, would be nice, wouldn't it?"

I murmured an unqualified assent—not that I understood what she was talking about, for she uttered the full description in one breath; but then I did not know what she was saying.

"But," said she, "I bought the Marseilles because I liked it. Don't you?"

"I admire your taste," I said faintly, for I was fast losing my senses, though wondering as to who and what she was.

"You're a dear good fellow!" said she, rapturously; "and I know we'll get on famously together!"

So she intended to stay here! I was getting into very deep water.

"Now then," she continued, "show me some place to put my things, and then you and I will have a talk."

I mechanically pointed out a small room opening out of a library. She hurried in. I sat like a statue carved from adamant. Deeper water.

Presently she returned, divested of little hat, pongee and kids.

She cast a searching glance around the library.

"Horrid dirty!" she said, disdainfully; "when has it been cleansed?"

"About a year ago," I said, meekly.

She gave vent to a pretty little scream.

"A year? Shocking! Oh, I couldn't sit down in a room that hasn't been cleaned for a year.—This must be put to rights."

She said this in a very determined tone and then set to work. She converted my linen coat into an apron, tied a cunning little handkerchief over that pretty head, and snatching up the fly-duster, dusted away valiantly—raised a cloud of dust in which I sat gazing on the vision. What did this mean? I consulted Moliere, my standing authority, but Moliere could give no explanation. Could she be an angel sent to cast a ray of light over my dismal path of life? Perhaps. But did angels wear white Marseilles, and talk about satteens and paniers? Impossible! It must be a dream.

She suddenly paused, and held out her arms and said:

"Roll up my sleeves, please. I can work better with them up."

I did roll the white sleeve up, and then immediately scouted the idea of its being a dream. Couldn't dream of such arms, with a dimple in each elbow.

Certainly not! They were real. I did not think that a sculptor would have been proud to have them for a model, because I was morally certain that any sculptor would have been distracted at the sight, and dropped his chisel, despairing of ever doing them justice.

And then she dusted, and while she dusted she sang. What a voice! Don't mention Nilsson—I won't hear of it.

And then she drew up a chair and sat down beside me, having first removed the handkerchief and the improvised apron. Then she shook her curls and addressed me.

"My dear uncle, let us have a talk."

Her uncle! If my heart had suddenly changed to a lump of lead, it couldn't have sunk any quicker than it did then.

"You know," she continued, "that you wrote me a letter, saying that you considered it best for me to stay at the farm until you wrote again. But, then, I didn't want to stay; I felt so lonely away out there, hardly saw a new face once a month for the twelve years I have been there—for you know you left me there when I was six years old. Well, I thought I would come to the city, so I took the fifty dollars and bought this suit. Mrs. Marsh picked it out for me. You know she has been in the city, so I came; and you are not angry, are you? Because if you are, I'll go right back again, uncle—indeed I will."

My feelings during this brief speech had been very painful. I gradually awoke to the fact that it was all a blunder that the visit of this angel was not intended for me, and I felt very bitter over the discovery; but my duty was plain.

"My dear child," said I, humbly, "will you have the kindness to inform me what your name is?"

She opened her eyes, and then laughed.

"Why," she said, "surely you cannot have forgotten me? Little Bess, you know."

"Little Bess?" I repeated.

"Bessie Ludlow," she said, gravely, "your niece."

"No," said I, sadly; "not my niece. I have no niece. There has been some error—my name is Floyd."

"Then," said she, "you are my uncle—Richard Floyd. I saw the name on the door, and I came in. Now you do remember me, don't you?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Ludlow," said I, calmly, "but I am not your uncle."

"You saw the name of R. Floyd on the door; my name is Robert."

"Then," said she, helplessly, "where is my uncle?"

I felt bound to confess my ignorance, whereas she sat looking incredulous. I explained that, strange as it might seem, I did not know everybody personally, who happened to rejoice in the same surname as myself.

But, I said, cheerfully, seeing her look blank, we can find out. Here is a directory. Now, your uncle's name is Richard Floyd?

"Yes."

"His occupation or profession?"

"Eh?"

"What does he do for a living?"

"Nothing. He's rich—awful rich."

"Ah! a gentleman? Let us hope they are. Now get ready, and we'll go and find your uncle."

She stood by my side in the street, and looked ten times more bewitching than ever. We walked along the streets, and how male friends stared and wondered and envied me.

We found the first Mr. Floyd just stepping into his carriage, in front of his house. He was big, pompous and vulgar. I tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your niece, Mr. Floyd," I said, and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

"Nothing of the kind—not my niece—an adventuress, no doubt. You are a swindler, I suppose.—Drive on."

I inwardly vowed to assassinate that man some dark night. My companion grasped her pongee fiercely.

"Oh, I could beat him," she said, savagely.

I trembled at this outburst.

"But, however," she said, laughingly, "that is not my uncle. He's a very quiet man. He only came to see me once—I suppose because I am a poor relation."

Here she laughed, as if being a poor relation was something funny—which it is not.

Then we tried the second Mr. Floyd; he was the uncle. We found him reading a book of sermons.

I accosted him, and introduced myself and his niece. Then I explained everything, and turned to go.

He stopped me, and inquired if I would do him a favor.

I answered him that I would.

"Then," said he calmly, take this young lady and put her in the cars. I desire her to return immediately to Cedar Farm."

"Uncle?" said she.

"Niece," said he, "do as I bid you. I am your only friend. Don't make me your enemy by foolishness. Stay at Cedar Farm, and I am your friend; leave Cedar Farm, and you may regret it. Go!"

We went.

She sobbed. (Looked prettier than ever.)

"I can't go back," she replied. "They don't know I left. I am afraid to go back."

I found myself in a nice predicament—young lady, aged eighteen, on my hands, a bachelor, aged thirty.

A sudden thought! I would!

"My dear girl," said I, "I will take care of you."

"You!" (astonished and prettier.)

"Yes, I! Marry me! Instead of my niece, be my wife will you?"

She could not give an answer immediately. Such important questions require deliberation.—She was silent about two minutes, and then said:

"I like you."

"Bless you," said I.

"And you want some one to take care of you."

"I do."

"I will marry you for that room isn't half dusted."

She was angelic! She was an angel! I embraced the angel!

And that room is such a cunning little one!

Words failed to express how handsome she was!

We are married.

And that's the way it happened.

'Chicago Bound to be Ahead.'

HORRORS OF THE BOSTON FIRE.

Another amusing diversion was created by a tall, well-knit and rather rugged specimen of humanity, who stood gazing at the fire with the deepest interest. Every now and then he would take a vigorous bite at a large hunk of tobacco and chew with an energy that knew no flagging, but without taking his eyes from the fire, which appeared to fascinate him. As the flames made headway he moved uneasily, shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and chewed with renewed animation. Each new building that fell a prey to the fire seemed to cause him to experience the most poignant despair. His glance was not so strongly marked by sympathy as by anxiety. His sallow jaws seemed to elongate with every fresh building that went down. His dress and appearance did not betoken a man who had any enormous amount of property at stake, and the general impression among those who observed him was that his alarm was caused by a prospect of losing his situation. Presently, when the flames seemed as though they would engulph the whole city, he turned his pale face from the flames, and addressing a party by his side, exclaimed with no less pride than disgust, "Psho! it can't be done. The place ain't big enough! The Chicago fire knocked this all to splinters. Yes it did, I tell you. I was born there, and I ought to know. I tell you, sir, Chicago is bound to be ahead on this fire yet," and he walked away, his face glowing with patriotic fervor and an expression of the most unbounded contempt, overspreading his countenance for the miserable failure that was certain to attend all envious attempts of Boston to rival Chicago in the matter of fires.

A splendid marriage was recently celebrated in Newark, N. J., between Mr. David C. Leech, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, and Miss Belle Howell, a Long Branch beauty. The bride was attired in white satin with French point lace, the value of the latter alone being estimated at $5,000. She was richly veiled and adorned with orange blossoms. A large temporary pavilion was erected at the rear of the house for the benefit of dancers, and the interior of this building was gorgeously decorated with flowers at an expense of not less than $5,000. The wedding gifts amounted to not less than $200,000.

The Case of Young Bangs.

BY MAX ADELER.

When Mr. Bangs, the elder, returned from Europe he brought with him from Geneva a minature musical box, long and very narrow, and altogether of hardly greater dimensions, say, than a large pocket-knife. The instrument played four cheerful little tunes for the benefit of the Bangs family, and they enjoyed it very much. Young William Bangs enjoyed it to such an extent that, one day just after the machine had been wound up ready for action, he got up sucking the end of it, and in a moment of inadvertence it slipped and he swallowed the whole concern. The only immediate consequence of the accident was that a harmonic stomach-ache was immediately organized upon the interior of William Bangs, and he experienced a restlessness which he well knew would defy the soothing tendencies of peppermint and make a mockery of paregoric.

And William Banks kept his secret in his own soul, and in his stomach also, determined to hide his misery from his father and to spare the rod to the spoiled child—spoiled at any rate as far as his digestive apparatus was concerned.

But that evening at the supper-table W. Bangs had eaten but one mouthful of bread when strains of wild, mysterious music were suddenly wafted from under the table. The entire family immediately groped around upon the floor, trying to discover whence the sounds came, although William Bangs sat there filled with agony and remorse, and bread and tunes, and desperately asserted his belief that the music came from Mary Ann, who might perhaps be playing upon the harp or the dulcimer in the cellar.

He well knew that Mary Ann was unfamiliar with the harp, and that to her the dulcimer was as much an insolvable problem as it would have been to a fishing worm; and he was aware, that Mary Ann would have scorned, under any circumstances, to evoke music while sitting upon the refrigerator or reposing in the coal-bin. But he was frantic with anxiety to hide his guilt. Thus it is that one crime leads to another.

But he could not disguise the truth forever, and that very night, while the family was at prayers, William Bangs all at once got the hiccups, and the music box started off without warning with "A Life on the Ocean Wave and a Home on the Rolling Deep," with variations. Whereupon the paternal Bangs arose from his knees and grasped William kindly but firmly by his hair and shook him up, and inquired what he meant by such conduct. And William threw out a kind of a general idea to the effect that he was practicing something for a Sunday-school celebration, which old Bangs intimated was a singularly thin explanation.

Then they tried to get up that music-box, and every time they would seize young William by the legs and shake him over the sofa cushion, or would throw some fresh variety of emetic down his throat, the harmonium within would give a fresh spurt and joyously grind out "Listen to the Mocking Bird," or "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love."

So they abandoned the attempt, and were compelled to permit the musical-box to remain within the sepulchral recesses of the epigastrium of William Bangs. To say that the unfortunate victim of the disaster was made miserable by his condition, would be to express in the feeblest manner the state of his mind. The more music there was in his stomach the wilder and more completely chaotic became the discord in his soul.

Just as likely as not it would occur that while he lay asleep in bed in the middle of the night the melody works within would begin to revolve, and would play "Home, Sweet Home," for two or three hours, unless the peg happened to slip, when the cylinder would slip back again to "Life on the Ocean Wave and a Home on the Rolling Deep," and would rattle out that tune with variations and fragments of the scales until William Bang's brother would kick him out of bed in wild despair, and sit on him in vain effort to subdue the serenade, which, however, invariably proceeded with fresh vigor when subjected to unusual pressure.

And when William Bangs went to church it frequently occurred that, in the very midst of the most solemn portion of the sermon, he would feel a gentle disturbance under the lowest button of his jacket; and presently, when everything was hushed, the undigested engine would give a preliminary buzz, and then reel off "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love," and scales and exercises, until the clergyman would stop and glare at William over his spectacles, and whisper to one of the deacons. Then the sexton would suddenly take up the aisle and clutch the unhappy Mr. Bangs by the collar, and send down the aisle again to the accompaniment of "A Life on the Ocean Wave and a Home on the Rolling Deep," and then incarcerate William in the upper portion of the steeple until after church.

But the end came at last, and the miserable offspring of the senior Bangs found peace. One day, while he was sitting in the school endeavoring to learn his multification table to the tune of "Home Sweet Home," his gastric juice triumphed. Something or other in the music-box gave way all at once, the springs were unrolled with alarming force, and William Bangs, as he felt the fragments of the instrument hurled right and left among his vitals, tumbled over on the floor and expired.

At the *post-mortem* examination they found several pieces of "Home, Sweet Home" in his liver, while one of his lungs was severely torn by a fragment of "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Small particles of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird" were removed from his heart and breast-bone, and three brass pegs of "Thou'lt Never Cease to Love" were found firmly driven into his fifth rib.

They had no music at the funeral. They sifted the machinery out of him, and buried him quietly in the cemetery. Whenever the Bangses buy musical boxes now they get them as large as a piano, and chain them to the wall.

Newspaper Patrons.

The Athens *Post* says this:—"One thing we have noticed from the time we entered upon our apprenticeship, forty-eight years ago the 10th day of this month, that Providence generally smiles benignantly and prosperously upon the man who keeps himself square on the printer's books.—You take the subscription list of any country paper where the advance system is not religiously adhered to, call out the names of those who pay promptly, then visit their habitations, and in nine cases out of ten you will find them in the enjoyment of all the ordinary comforts of life—pleasant and contented households—the husband kind and industrious, the wife happy and affectionate, children sprightly and well-behaved at home and abroad, sleek cattle grazing in the green pastures and good stock feeding in the stalls, thrifty fruit and shade trees around, flowers blooming in the garden and about the yard, and an air of neatness, comfort and substance without and within. Now, take that other class of patrons—those that never pay at all, or have to be "ding-donged out of it" at the end of the third year: what is still worse, the newspaper sponge, who is not able to pay for a paper, but ever ready to borrow from his neighbor—ten to one you will find a majority of these always afflicted with "short crops," always "hard run," always "out of kelter," axes, ploughs and hoes eternally dull, horses that look like the genius of famine, cattle nearly related to Pharaoh's lean kine, and too poor to low without leaning up against the rickety fence, gates off the hinges, doors half hung, windows guiltless of glass, not a fruit or shade tree in sight, rank Jamestown weeds blooming around the door sills, and, instead of luxuriant meadows and perennial pastures, sassafras and briar bushes growing in the fence-rows and broken places, and hill-sides furrowed with gullies, and bunches of tall sedge waving mournfully in the wind all over the farm, and worse than all, a morose and unhappy husband, a discontented and ill-natured wife and disobedient, intractable children.

"The reader may think this is a fancy sketch; but it ain't by a good deal. 'There is more truth than poetry in it.'"

A SAD STORY.—There comes from Philadelphia a sad story about a lame girl, who for fourteen years, had never left the third story back room in which she lived. Not long ago she was carried to Fairmount Park, on the occasion of one of the excursions of the school children. Her delight at a sight of the fresh radiant nature around her was almost painful to those who witnessed it. She lay down on the grass, and touching it lovingly, asked what it was, and put similar questions with reference to the trees and birds. All day long she lay in the warm sunshine, gazing at the blue sky and at the beautiful river flowing past the Park. At intervals she was observed to weep softly, from the very excess of the new-born joy within her.

Grammar as Connected with Kissing and Hugging.

The Hudson *Register* deals humerously with a question of grammar as follows:

"A searcher after truth writes to us, 'Which is grammatically correct,' to say 'The house is building,' or 'The house is being built;' 'The street is paving,' or 'The street is being paved?' There is a wide diversity of opinion upon this subject, but we incline to favor 'is being built,' for the following reason: Suppose you wish to express another kind of an idea, would you say, for instance, 'Johnny is spanking,' or 'Johnny is being spanked?' The difference to you may seem immaterial, but it is a matter of considerable importance to Johnny; and it is probable that if any choice were given him, he would suddenly select the former alternative. You say, again, that the 'missionary is eating.' Certainly this expresses a very different and much pleasanter idea than the form: 'The missionary is being eaten,' and the sensation is very different for the missionary, too. We have consulted several missionaries about it, and they all seem to think that the two things are somehow not the same, no matter what the grammarians say.

"But it is to be confessed that there are occasions when the difference in the form is not so marked. You assert, we say, that 'Hannah is hugging,'—which, by the way, would be a very improper thing for Hannah to do; it would be positively scandalous, indeed. Precisely a similar idea is conveyed if you say, 'Hannah, is being hugged,' because it is a peculiarity of the act that it is hardly ever one-sided; there is no selfishness about it. And it is the same with kissing. 'Jane is kissing'—and her mother ought to know about it if she is—is just exactly as if we say, 'Jane is being kissed;' and the sensation is the same, although none of the grammars, by a singular inadvertance, mention the fact. It will not be necessary, however, for our correspondent to attempt to prove these last mentioned facts by practice. He must take our word for them. Unless he does so, we shall answer no more questions in syntax for him, or any one else. Our duty is to conserve the morals of the community, not to start the people to playing private games of Copenhagen."

THE HABIT OF GOOD WALKING.—Very few people ever learn to walk properly. Men and women, who are particular enough about their dress, pay no attention to their carriage and gait, but shamble, trot or waddle along without much apparent regard for the appearance they make. One of the secrets of good walking is to be able to balance the body easily, first on one foot, and then on the other. When the soldier has learned to stand steadily on one foot, he can then walk without swaying, and preserve that steadiness in marching which is always a mark of well-drilled troops. So, if civilians wish to walk as well as soldiers, they must, like them, first learn something of the mysteries of balancing. But it is not an easy thing to stand steady on a narrow sole with a small heel, and this is just the difficulty with the walking of fashionable people. The sandaled feet of those ancient beauties, whose forms have come down to be preserved in marble, are beautiful in their unrestrained natural aness, and very unlike those of modern belles, or beaux either, for that matter. With low heels and broad soles, it is not difficult to balance the body, while by drawing in the chin the shoulders are naturally thrown back, the lungs given full opportunity to expand, and the head carried erect. Fashionable boots and high heels must be discarded, or it useless to make the experiment of learning to walk well.

An ingenious drug store clerk of Cleveland, who is a chemist in disguise, has discovered a new suicide article that not only makes him famous, but it will save funeral expenses and entirely dispenses with coroners and their juries, and robs sensational newspaper reporters of the pleasure of describing the corpse. The article is a combination of powerful chemicals, and when inhaled, changes the entire body, clothes and all, into gases in an instant, leaving no trace of the victim, not even the life insurance policy being left. Several persons are missing, and it is feared that the clerk has been experimenting on them.

Running at the nose is a favorable sign in the horse malady.

Spotted short veils have glimmered out of vogue.

Jacob Bright denounces Newgate floggings.

The Treasury Fight.

JUDGE MELTON'S ORDER RESTRAINING TREASURER PARKER.

The following is the order of Judge Melton enjoining Treasurer Parker from the further use or disbursement of moneys received from taxes:

State of South Carolina, County of Richland.—In the Common Pleas.

F. L. Cardozo, plaintiff, vs. Niles G. Parker, as State Treasurer, and others, defendants.

Upon hearing the complaint in this action, verified by the oath of the said plaintiff, and upon motion of Messrs. Carroll & Janney, attorneys for the said plaintiff, it is ordered: That Niles G. Parker, treasurer of the said State, and the defendants, the South Carolina Bank and Trust Company, and J. L. Neagle, show cause before me at the courthouse in the City of Columbia on the 21st day of November, instant, at eleven o'clock, as to the proceeds of the tax authorized to be levied by the joint resolution of the General Assembly, approved March 13, 1872, why the said treasurer, Niles G. Parker, his attorneys and agents, should not be enjoined until further order in the cause to be made from using, disbursing, or in any manner disposing of the proceeds of the said tax, or any part thereof, for any purpose whatsoever, except for the payment of the appropriations contained in the general appropriation act for the fiscal year last past, approved March 13, 1872, until those appropriations have been fully paid and satisfied, and why the said state treasurer, N. G. Parker, his attorneys and agents, should not in especial be enjoined, until further order in this cause, from paying out of the proceeds of the said tax now about to be levied, any outstanding pay certificates issued to the members and subordinate officers and employees of the General Assembly, or either House of the same, or any certified amount for public printing done, or any note or obligation made by the said State treasurer for moneys borrowed for the use or upon the credit of the State, under the authority of the act of the General Assembly, approved March 4, 1872, or the joint resolution of the General Assembly, approved March 12, 1872.

And it is further ordered, that each of the county treasurers, the defendants in this action, and also the other parties defendant, show cause before me at the courthouse in the City of Columbia, on the twenty-first day of November, instant, at eleven o'clock, why the said county treasurers should not be enjoined until further order in this cause from using or disposing of any part of the proceeds of the said tax which may come into their hands respectively, for the purpose of paying any note or obligation of the said State treasurer, N. G. Parker, or any order or endorsed by him, or any pay certificate of any member or subordinate officer or employee of the General Assembly, whether endorsed by the said N. G. Parker for payment by any county treasurer or not, or any accout for public printing, certified by the clerks respectively of the Senate and House of Representatives; and why, also, each of the said county treasurers should not be enjoined from using or disposing of the proceeds of the said tax or any portion there of, save only county taxes, for any purpose whatever, except for the payment of the same into the treasury of the State.

And it is further ordered that the said State treasurer, N. G. Parker, and the said county treasurers, and their respective agents and attorneys, be in the meantime restrained from doing, committing or suffering to be done, any of the said acts until further order in this cause to be made.

SAMUEL W. MELTON.

November 14, 1872.

Russia has 26 iron-clads, France 62, Great Britian 46, Prussia 6, Italy 6. The largest of the Russian iron-clads are the Sevastopol and Kniaz Pojarski, the first of which is also the oldest, having been launched in 1864. She nearly equals the British Black Prince and Warrior in dimensions, and exceeds the French Gloire and Normandie. Her cost was $10,715,000. The Russian iron-clads, if costly, are eminently seaworthy, differing in this from some of the English. The naval status of Russia, which is of very recent creation and growth, is wonderful. Already Russia is the third maratime power of Europe, and its rate of increase is at once rapid and steady.

We learn that a numerously-signed petition has been prepared, to which Governor Scott and Governor-elect Moses will append their signatures, requesting President Grant to pardon the Ku Klux prisoners now confined in the Albany Penitentiary.—Phœnix.

A white man and a negro woman were united in wedlock, at the office of Trial Justice Richmond, on Tuesday. The miscegenator is reported to be an Irishman, who hails from Georgia, to which happy land he returns with his dusky bride.—Columbia Carolinian

An Important Decision on the Law of Bank Checks.

The Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia has recently decided quite an interesting question in reference to the duty and liability of banks, where there is to the credit of the maker of the check a less amount than that named in the check.

William P. Rayfield, Agent, on the 8th of October, A. D. 1866, drew his check for $725, on the Commercial National Bank of Philadelphia, to the order of Thomas Bromley, to whom the check was delivered.

Mr. Bromley retained the check in his possession for several years afterward, and then presented it to the bank for payment. He was informed by the Paying Teller that there was only $229 to the credit of Mr. Rayfield, the drawer of the check, in Bank. Mr. Bromley then claimed, first, that he was entitled to the payment of the amount then in bank, on account of the check held and presented by him, and on this application being denied, second, he offered to deposit a sum of money in the bank sufficient to cover the face of the check, if the bank officer would pay him the $229. Both propositions were refused, and upon this action was brought. The decision of the court turned upon the first point made.—It held that where a holder of a check offers to take a less sum than the full amount of the check, it is the duty of the bank to pay it to him, and indorse the amount paid to him on the check.

The following is the language of the court: "If such a check is an appropriation of the whole sum for which it calls, if so much is in the hands of the banker, it is an appropriation of any smaller sum which may be in his hands, if there be not sufficient to pay the amount of the check. In such a case, if the holder of the check is willing to receive the smaller sum, as the bank is entitled to retain the check as evidence of payment and of the holder's right to receive the money, it should endorse the amount of its payment on the check, and issue to the holder a certificate of having received the check from him, and having paid so much on account of it."

COURTSHIP FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT.—Papa, observed to his daughter's beau: "Jim if you want Lu, you can have her; but I don't want you hanging around unless you mean business. If you intend to marry, hurry up, for I can't be kept awake nights much longer."—*Clipping.*

This old gentleman's head was eminently level. He first displays an eye for business and then for comfort. The fact is, there are few parents who would not rather see their daughters happily married, than to lose one night's comfortable respose. But to speak more to the point, not only papas whose nightly rest is often broken by the dallying of the beau in the parlor or the hall, until the wee hours of the morning, but the fair ladies themselves prefer the business man who proceeds to business in a business way. This view of the matter is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Gov. Vance. A girl when her bashful sweetheart ashamed to speak his mind, sat in stupid embarrassment, and kept pressing her foot with his under the table, exclaimed: "John, if you love me why can't you say so like a man, and quit soiling my clean stockings!"—*Petersburg Appeal.*

THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH FARM LABORER.—A writer who has given the subject much attention and has become thoroughly familiar with it in all its bearings, declares that the strike of the English agricultural laborers will terminate in an emigration from England to this country, which in extent, will overshadow the great exodus from Ireland to America. And this view of the case is more than likely to be the correct one, for the fact is, England is overstocked with farm laborers. The arable land under cultivation is not sufficiently productive to warrant the owners in granting the higher pay asked for. In many cases the landlords are absolutely too poor to raise the rate of wages by a penny. On this side of the ocean the land is in excess of the workers. Here there are more acres than hands to till them.—What more beneficial, therefore, for both countries than that the farmers and land should be brought together. We cannot send our vast Western plains to England to be cultivated, but England can readily send to us her surplus farm laborers.

A CHILD EATEN BY RATS.—An instance of the danger of leaving young children alone occurred in Jamaica, N. Y., on Wednesday evening. Mr. Thos. Robinson and his wife, living on Prospect street, were absent from their house about an hour, engaged in shopping, leaving an infant child asleep in a cradle. During their absence the child was attacked by rats with most horrible results. One side of its face was badly mutilated, one ear was nearly eaten off, and one eye was entirely destroyed. A physician was immediately called, who gave it as his opinion that the child could not recover from the injuries.

The Twenty-third Psalm is the nightingale of the Psalms. It has filled the air of the whole Christian world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive.

"Weight for the Wagon," as the fat lady sang.